

The Salamanca Corpus: *Spiteful Nelly* (1867)

Author: Joseph Ramsbottom (?-?)

Text type: Verse

Date of composition: 1867

Editions: Unknown

Source text:

Ramsbottom, Joseph. *Spiteful Nelly*. In *Country Words: A North of England Magazine of Literature, Science and Art*. No. 13, Saturday, January 26. 208.

e-text:

Access and transcription: August 2011

Number of words: 388

Dialect represented: Lancashire

Produced by Javier Ruano-García

Copyright © 2011– DING, The Salamanca Corpus, Universidad de Salamanca



Ramsbottom, Joseph (?-?), *Spiteful Nelly* (1867)

Mi mother wur sittin'
One neet wi' her knittin';
Eaur Nelly wur makin' a shirt for eaur Tom;
Mi feyther wur prosin'
O'er th' papper, an' dozin';
An' aw'r waitin' th' toime ut mi Jamie should come.

Bo feyther stopt spellin'
When Nelly 'gan tellin'
Mi mother, an' flytin' ut somb'dy like me
Should think o' resortin'
To th' matther o' cuortin',
For Nelly hersel has no laddie to see.

By th' mass bo aw'd rayther
Hoo'd ne'er twod mi feyther,
Aw lippent he threawnce me for what hoo had said;
Sich stormin' an' starin',

The Salamanca Corpus: *Spiteful Nelly* (1867)

Sich cussin' an' swearin',
Ut good-for-nowt hussies, like me, should e'er wed.

Mi mother turnt crammy,
Hoo fun fort wi' Jamie;
Hoo said he'r no betther nor lads owt to be;
Nell did nowt bo titther,
Aw'r ready to hit her;
It's no fort o' mine hoo's no laddie to see.

I'th' midst of o' th' bother,
Fro th' tone an' fro th' tother,
Aw yeard Jamie's whistle: as aw turnt to th' dur,
Miss Nelly must lock it,
Put th' key in her pocket,
An' say ut these throubles ud keep me fro wur!

Aw seed what hoo' doin',
Hoo'd stop me fro gooin';
So up stairs aw went, aw'r as vext as could be;
Aw soikt, an' mi soikin',
Soo turnt into skroikin',
So peevish wur Nell hoo'd no laddie to see.

Th' owd pear three wur flappin'
At th' casement, an' th' rappin'
Wur beck'nin' me eaut into th' branches to goo:
Aw met see mi felly,
I'th' spite of eaur Nelly,
Hoo'd lockt noane o'th' window, an' aw could get thro'.

Aw stoode scase a minute
'Fore th' pear three aw'r in it,
An' deawn into th' garden, wheer Jamie met me.
Bo Jamie 'd no notion
O'th' stir an' th' commotion,
An' th' danger aw'd run thro' mi laddie to see.

That eended o'th' bother
Fro feyther an' mother;
They seed it wur useless, an' so leet it dhrop.
Eaur Nell keeps complainin',
Bo windy or rainin',
If Jamie'll bo whistle, hoo'll ne'er ma'e me t' stop.

Aw'm sorry for Nelly,
I'th' want of a felly,
Hoo's like to be frangy; heaw else con hoo be?
Hoo's o'er three-an'-tharty,
An' Sunday or warty,
At fairin' or wakes hoo's no laddie to see.